World.

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A VAIN HOPE.

STATE income tax has been recommended by the Mills Joint Committee on Taxation. It is proposed to assess this tax on the incomes of corporations within the State and of other companies who derive their revenues from business in the State.

The tax would be levied on net income."

Without going into all arguments for and against such a tax from various angles, State and Federal, a practical question presents itself:

Take the railway corporations of this city. We learn from the inner financial history of the Interborough that \$500,000 Bonuses to bunkers, \$125,000 gifts to executives, payments for "special and extraordinary legal services" amounting in a few years to \$3,500,000, not to mention a disputed \$2,000,000 item for mysterious "commitments and obligations," have been a few of the pale ink features in Interborough budgets.

Should we find the Interborough figuring its net income before all such bonuses, lawyers' fees and bankers' rake-off had been carefully deducted?

Would other corporations be slow to follow this eminent example? Would the net income tax find anything save the little that corporation bookkeeping chose to leave in evidence?

The answer is obvious. If the taxpayers' burden is to be lightened by help from the transit companies a tax on gross earnings is the

Interborough finance figures the Mills net income fax into ab-

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

NCOURAGED by promises of relief for Riverside Drive residents, Staten Island has started a new action to rid itself of the long-standing nuisance of smoke and noxious fumes that blow over from factories on the New Jersey shore.

Protests and court actions on this subject have been pending for years. There seems to be a fair prospect that the rights of persons and communities to unpolluted air may presently be defined.

It is strange that civilization has lagged so far behind in this direction. Anything more barbarous than huge chimneys belching soot and poisonous gases to blacken cities and weaken lungs it would have been difficult for humanity to conceive. Yet these huge smoke towers have been hailed as the fairest signs of progress. Only of late years has there been any effort to find ways to consume the smoke and poison that industry vomits upon the landscape.

Methods of smoke consumption, however, are now being constantly tried out. Every State should require its factories to study and adopt them.

EVERYBODY'S ENGLISH.

WORLD reader complains of "the large class in New York and to some extent in other cities which refers to oil as 'erl,' girl as 'goil' and a number of similar words." There is no excuse M for it, he says, "except carelessness."

Is it carelessness? Carelessness would be more consistent. If asked Mr. Rangle. slipshod speech finds "erl" easier than "oil," why distort girl into the

Corrupt pronunciation seems far oftener perversity. The cockney will tell you "as 'ow 'e's tried hover and hover to say 'haitch'." He can aspirate it perfectly-in the wrong place. We have heard night for a little innocent amusement rural New Englanders who always said "runnin'," "drivin'," "playin'," nevertheless bring out "garding," "curting," "certing" with ringing place and then go to a good show."

Why, if it were merely a question of ease or carelessness, would I'm in Mrs. Jarr's bad books as it is a matter of fact, he did all the him," said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill anybody call it "thee-ay-ter" when "theatre" requires so much less deliberate lingual effort?

These are mysteries that have never been explained. Some of them are akin to the strange force which drives a man manoeuvring to step around the coal hod to put his foot squarely into it.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A man can get plenty of assistance crumple at what the other woman when he sows the wind, but when says, unless, of course, the other wo-it comes to reaping the whirlwind man has the best of her in the matter of operations.—Houston Post.

Many of the things man is going to It is a noticeable fact that the

Another thing you have to give the new styles credit for—they've shown that all the family skeletons are not in closets.—Columbia State.

women who denounce the custom of leap year proposals age the ones who are already married.

If you are poor and nobody you are in closets.—Columbia State.

"sick" or "getting well," but if you're rich and somebody you're "indisposed" or "recuperating."—Macon for conversation, and she will not News.

Dollars and Sense

THE BLANK BRUSH COMPANY.
Advertising Department.
This certificate entitles

fice of the Blank Brush Company's
clatrict manager late one afternoon.
Woven Wire Brush to be presented by "It may be possible to earn a living Mr.,

week. The main office is about to balance of your line. The rest is up inaugurate a new sales plan, and I to you. This little device means that inaugurate a new sales plan, and i beneve it will help you fellows out on the firing line a great deal. You will get more interviews and, what is more important, interviews in get this? The manager produced a little brush from a pigeonhoic of his desk. "Here's a little vegetable brush which retails at 15 cents," he prospect is predisposed in your favor." That sounds mighty good to me, admitted Ellis. "I'll certainly stick around to see how it works. Why, man, it ought to make a world of the freight house right now. You say that your chief obstacle is to obtain an interview with the bouse-wife. This little brush should prove an open sesame. Beginning next week, we shall select a list of from afteen to thirty names daily from the blue book or directory for each salesman and mail to each address.

By H. J. Barrett

"These cards will be timed to arrive in the morning mail. A few hours, but Pm not man enough to make it go."

"These cards will be timed to arrive in the morning mail. A few hours are the salesman will call and should find little difficulty in obtain-"It's no cinch, I'll admit that," said ing an interview. The housewife Sarver, "but stay with it another will be flattered at the little atten-

the blue book or directory for each to each of its 2,000 field agents. The janitor he only gave me impudence, you used to like to see us on salesman and mail to each address sales manager reports an average inthis postcard." Harver handed Ellis crease of 100 per cent. in individual while you were out spending your wife's hair rippling down her little back in the year 1893, it's terribly eved a postcard bearing the following text: sales as a result of the simple device,

Men Who Fail

Operight, 1916, by The Press Publishing On. (The New York Evening World,)



"I'd like to," said Mr. Jarr, "but I on him!" guess I better go home for dinner. not?" Mr. Jarr answered. "But as

and I better square myself." "Now, there's the biggest mistake a married man can make," said Mr. Rangle. "They'll be just as mad at you if you don't go home early, and if you stay out late they get worried and think they're driving you from home, but if you give in too much

they just impose on you.' "To tell you the truth I haven't any money," said Mr. Jarr. "I gave it all

to Mrs. Jarr, and then -"And then she started on you

Well, I'm too wise for that play." "What's your wife sore at you for? asked Mr. Jarr. "I suppose she thought you were holding out too much, so what's the difference?" "Maybe you're right," said Mr. Rangle, "but, anyway, I've the price of a night off to the good, so come

pany. Pil blow you to everything." "All right, if you'll let me do the some next time," said Mr. Jacr. So they went to dinner together and they had a very good dinner. with wine, and Mr. Rangle paid.

They got a taxicab and rode around nd Mr. Rangle paid. They got box seats at a good show and Mr. Rangle paid, and he bought high-priced cigars and other refresh-

have dinner together at some good I know you DID spend your money "I presume you think that's funny, air.

They always do it after they get the when a fellow feels hangdog don't leap into the air when you s money," remarked Mr. Rangle.

needed pair of shoes, unless at the same time he buys for his wife

Mrs. Jarr, much relieved.

properly broken to the matrimonial taking one. When, about half-past two in the than writing a letter of birthday afternoon, you begin to think (pre- greetings, at the persistent instign-

or live hookers of booze that you're not seen since 1877, and who was mighty stingy with cookles when we you pull down the roll-top deak at five, then, old hawss, your ship has done salled, and she doesn't carry any standing red light, either!

After having been almost uniformly successful for about thirts. "Tell you I can't pay my share." remarked Mr. Jarr.
"This isn't a Dutch treat," said
Mr. Rangle, genially. "I want comgoing to have about ten minutes after
tending to yourself that it doesn't doesn't an aunt out in lows whom we have not seen since 1877, and who was mighty stingy with cookles when we would do see her.

wishes across, we begin to wabble with the wife, and both of you have

'I-can-take-a-drink-or-let-it - alone something of equal value that she man usually tells you about his pro-doesn't need, he may be said to be ficiency in that respect when he's tion which we like a good deal than writing a letter of birt

you pull down the roll-top desk at five, then, old haws, your ship has done salled, and she doesn't carry any standing red light, either!

After having been almost uniformly successful for about thirty years in grabbing off the big end of the wishbone of the season's first turkey, and wishing wistfully on all of 'em without ever once getting one of the wishbone out ever once getting one of the wishbone of the season's, we begin to wabble across, we begin to wabble and should be then the first turkey and subject as a battle with the wife, and both of you have we go to bed that we can be just before we go to bed that we can washe for a gould out who's go-light to run," shapped Miss Tille.

Tut, tut!" said Poppic. "Here domes Mr. Snooks. Let's all greet have comes Mr. Snooks. Let's all greet have minutes after we've had our two cups of Jav in the morning.

That's the proper spirit," said Miss Primm. "And let's see that no cheap old jokes are in evidence when he's in the room."

When, after you've had a battle with the wife, and both of you have subled and sloomed around for a low.

"Hello, folks!" said the boss as he population on that surface our opinion on that

wishing wistfully on all of 'em without ever once getting one of the
wishes across, we begin to wabble
on that wishbout thing.

When you're twenty the "woman
with a past" is darkly, muskily alluring. But when you're forty you can
see only the ting crowsfeet at the
corners of her eyes and the tell-talhalf of ohe wishes the must.

We often think what a lot of tun
Sunday would be if it wasn't for that
bending-over job of washing the dog
in the bathrub and drying him on the
bathmat. If only we could stand up
and wash the mutt'

Because you used to like to see
your wife's hair rippling down her
back in the year 1821, it's terribity
wun.

When, after you've had a battle
with the wife, and both of you have
wishes across, we begin to wabble
on that wishbone thing.

When, after you've had a battle
with the wife, and both of you have
wishes across, we begin to wabble
on that wishbone thing.

When, after you've had a battle
with the wife, and both of you have
subked and shound around for a day
or so, and then, with the bone of relasting the intolevable situation, van
say to her, "Look a-here, him, don't
say

stenographer. "It means they vere playing come seven." "But," insisted Miss Primm, "Mr. Spooner said there were only six. I am willing to confess I don't know everything, but is there any reason for you people to humiliate me""
"indeed, there isn't," came from speener. "I meant, Miss Primm, that the policemen were indulging in a

By J. H. Cassel | The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

THE CYCLOPEEDY By Eugene Field.

IEN Leander Hobart married Hattie Peasley he bought her as a wedding gift an encyclopedia, or a "cyclopeedy," as the village

Lemuel Higgins, the neighborhood book agent, coaxed him into buying it by pointing out its value as a self-educator and as a means of spending the long winter evenings. The encyclopedia was not yet on the market, Lemuel explained, but would be published one volume at a time, at intervals about a year apart. Price per volume \$5, payable on

Leander scrawled his signature to the contract, and he and Hattie ooked forward eagerly to the first volume. Around harvest time Lemuel rought them "Volume A."

It was a fine looking book and they were proud of it-until they had casion to look in it for information on "Apples." The caption was: "APPLES: See Pomology."

As "Pomology" could not be looked up until the arrival of "Volume P" they were mildly annoyed. But they made the best of their bargain. Next year along came "Volume B." Along at the same time came the first baby. One day baby was alling. It occurred to his fond parents to look for

infantile diseases in the encyclopedia's second volume, under the title of "Babies." Refolcing that the book was at last to be of some use to them, they turned the pages until they reached this statement: "BABIES: See 'Maternity."

That meant they must wait eleven years, until "Volume M" should be

By this time Leander had begun to detest the encyclopedia. He heartily grudged the yearly \$5 he must pay for such a work. He told Lemuel so, That was all the good it did him. Lemuel had the contract.

The day Lemuel gave him "Volume D" Leander happened to be drainng a pasture lot. He thought the enclycopedia might contain useful its on the art of draining. So he turned to it for aid. He found: "DRAINS: See "Tiles."

One of the children fell ill with hooping cough just about the time Volume H" came out. Leander promptly hunted in the new volume for remedy. And this is what he read:
"HOOPING COUGH: See 'Whooping Cough."

"HOOPING COUGH: See 'Whooping Cough."

Leander was getting used to this sort of thing. He had gradually been getting used to it ever since he looked up "Cows" in "Volume C" and found: "Cows: See Zoology." It was becoming an old story to him.

Hattie died the year "Volume W" arrived. And Leander was growing feeble and old. But he simply would not die. He had one grim ambitton in the had one grim ambitton to the had received every single volume of the had received every single volume of the look of the had received every single volume of the look of t n life, namely, to live until he had received every single volume of the horrible encyclopedia.

Three years later he lay on his death-bed. The weeping relations suddealy saw him start up with a great light of triumph on his withered face. for aged Lemuel Higgins was tottering into the room with "Volume Z" of the encyclopedia.

Leander clasped the longed-for volume rapturously to his breast, then sank back and died. Leander died at precisely the right moment for his own peace of mind. Just a moment too soon to hear old Lemuel cacide: "Hold on! It isn't the last!"

But Leander was lying at rest, a smile of victory on his lips. His life-ambition was achieved. At least he had died thinking so.
You see, he didn't know there was still an "Index Volume" to come and Lemuel is suing the estate for the \$5 due on it.

When a Man's Married

- By Dale Drummond -

Courright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

"If you will permit me to say so, Mass Primm," said Spooner, 'you apparently do not understand. These policemen were rolling bones."

"You mean practising esteopatay."

"Well, I declare:" said the blond with the blond so you could dress your wife de-tressed.

"If you will permit me to say so, always kicking about your food. If I had known you were going to make a fuss every time I needed any clothes. For the first time since their marking school will have some on teaching schoo

consist own money on men shows to waste your money on when shows to waste your money on when shows the waste you were the last one to join."

The whole British army is made up of dreamers, "said Bobble.

Dreamers—why?" demanded Miss Primm, private secretary to the boss, wheeled about he per chair. They seem to want a Castle in the last a mentr's salary. Why didn't, why Jane, that is half a month's salary. Why didn't you was new customer."

"Well, he's a good follow—why not?" Mr. Jarr answered. "But as a matter of fact, he did all the treating."

"Well, it was about time," said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill free shock to we hast night, "said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill free shock to we have the shows to speak to you."

"Well, it was about time," said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill free shock to speak to you."

"Well, it was about time," said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill free shock to be obnoxious with your looks or cross and thin," said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill free shock to you."

"Well, it was about time," said mr. Said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill free shock to you."

"Well, it was about time," said mr. Said Mr. Jarr, showing the bill free shock to you."

"If you ever pay it back you"! be believed.

"If you ever pay it back you"! be believed. What did he say?"

"He said lifelot, Hobble, old kid!"

"Listen, folks." said grow to be pleasant to-day. I not know who Mr. Lice holds of the private of the privat

so you could dress your wife de- tressed, cently." (To be continued.)

Pop's Mutual Motor-By Alma Woodward.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Brening World).

Some: The Mitts' living room on Sunday cents aplece on them. And she baked morning and Ma are antic-deep in the Sunday uspers. The phone rime. Pop and Ma, startled, start to rise from the sea of south.

M A (weakly)—You better go, Milton. I've got a stitch in my side.

The phone rime and the sea of south in my side.

The phone rime and the sea of south in my side.

The phone rime and the same and the same and the sea of south in my side.

The phone rime and sea of south in my side.

The phone rime and sea of south in my side.

The phone rime and sea of south in my side.

The phone rime and sea of south in the same and sea of south in

"Hello, folks!" said the boss as he Pop (sourly)—Say, if I had a dol-

side.

Pop (growling)—If 1 had a stitch in the side of this bathrobe it'd help to the car—it's all out of kilter.

Oh, you were going to ask me to take